MARVEL

96

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THE DAUGHTER OF SPIDER-MAN®

SPIDER-GIRL®

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST

The daughter of the original Spider-Man, May "Mayday" Parker has inherited her father's amazing powers. Possessing the proportionate strength, speed, and agility of a spider, as well as the ability to cling to walls, she now follows in his web-lines! Stan Lee presents...

SPIDER-GIRL

PREVIOUSLY

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During an encounter with *Kaine*, *Spider-Girl* experiences one of his precognitive flashes and sees herself being murdered by a member of the crime cult called the *Scriers*.

When she instinctively avoids a concussive blast in a later battle, her friend Moose's dad suffers collateral damage.

Having learned that *Normie Osborn* may be harboring the *Venom* symbiote, the *Avengers* attempt to take him into custody, but he turns himself over to Raptor, who works for the government super-team that includes Kaine.

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SHADOWS FROM THE PAST!

You're yawning beneath your mask as you race to school--

--having spent most of the previous night doing the *sleepless shuffle.*

A fireman, the father of your friend ***Moose Mansfield,*** was seriously injured yesterday--

--because you dodged a blast during a fight, and he was hit by the resulting debris.

You could--***no!***--you ***should*** have saved him, but...

An insistent *tingle* at the back of your skull suddenly *jolts* you out of your *guiltfest*--

--and, even before your mind registers the fact that your ***spider-sense*** is warning you of *danger*--

--you instinctively find yourself *avoiding* it.

WHAT THE--?!

Just another day in paradise when your name is ***May "Mayday" Parker***--

--and you are the daughter of ***Spider-Man.***

Ohmigosh! I managed to avoid those--whatever the heck they are--but they could still hurt someone.

I can't let that happen again.

I just can't!

Get off my back, Ashley! Okay, so I didn't tell you I loved you this morning.

THUNK!

THUNK!

What's the big deal, anyway? It's not like...

SWAK!

PLINK

?!?

Since my spider-sense stopped tingling, I'm guessing my attacker is already gone.

Wooo-baby! Mean-looking doohickey.

Ninja stuff.

I wonder if... Nah! Couldn't possibly be a Scrier!

I've just been paranoid ever since Kaine showed me his crazy vision.

I know the Scriers are a bunch of criminals, but I've never even met one of them.

Why on earth would they come after me?

I am not a patient man.

I know that you are only *assassins-in-training,* underlings who dream of rising in the ranks of the **Brotherhood of Scriers--**

--but I expect an *answer* to my question.

Instead of an answer, how's about you settle for a couple'a **.45's?**

Talk about a trip down memory lane. I thought .45s went the way of the **Walkman.**

It's all **Uzis, Glocks** and **iPods** now.

ARRRGH!

Why are you butting into my business, **Darkdevil?**

I just enjoy your pleasant company, **Kaine.**

I'm busy. What do you want?

I've heard rumors that the **Scriers** have taken an interest in **Spider-Girl.**

Where'd you hear that?

You're **kidding,** right?

Hoping to get a lead on your would-be assassin, you take a quick spin around the neighborhood.

When that fails to produce a single tingle, you veer toward *Midtown High*--

--and get ready for class.

Even as you slip into your civies, you keep seeing Moose's dad.

It's your responsibility to protect people like him.

But you *failed*--!

YOU FAILED!

And *heroes* aren't supposed to fail.

You sure there isn't anything Heather and I can do?

No, but thanks for offering.

We'll meet you at the hospital after school, Courtney.

C'mon, Jimmy! I've got to get to my locker before the bell rings.

What's the story with Moose's dad, Court?

All I know is that he's still in intensive care and visits are restricted to the immediate family.

Who's taking care of Moose and his brothers?

I think his Uncle Billy is coming in from New Jersey.

I'm really worried, May...

Moose blames himself for what happened.

He should have convinced his father to go out on sick leave when the poor man was diagnosed with cancer.

RINGGGGG!

Break it up, people--and go to class!

I've got a book full of detention slips for anyone who dawdles.

How's it going, Parker?

Haven't seen you in awhile.

Any chance you're thinking about rejoining the girls' basketball team?

We could sure use you.

I really wish I could, Coach Thompson, but I've been kind of busy lately...

...with scriers...

...symbiotes...

...and super-menaces, *oh, my!*

Can't blame a guy for asking.

Give your parents my regards, and tell your dad to call me every once in a while.

Will do, Coach!

Ahhh...Mr. Thompson!

I've been trying to get hold of you for the past few days, but you haven't returned any of my calls.

Are you free to meet with me now?

sigh I guess so, Assistant Principal Slattery.

How is the team doing, by the way?

Lousy!

Is that what you want to discuss?

Among other topics.

RINGGG!

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

You somehow manage to get through the day--

--only sleeping through a *few* classes.

Yo, Mayday! A couple of us are heading to the hospital to give the big guy some moral support. Care to join us?

I...*uhhh*...have to run a few errands, but I'll probably stop by later.

How's it going, Brad? I haven't seen you around much.

I've been working after school and keeping a low profile.

I needed some time to myself. Things got kind of wacky a few months ago, and I acted like a big jerk.

How you doing? I heard you were going out with Chris Jarkoer. He's a pretty good guy.

Yeah, he is... but we really didn't fit together.

Sorry to hear it. Maybe we can catch up over a coffee or something.

Maybe...

But probably *not*.

It's funny, you used to have the biggest crush on Brad Miller.

Yeah, and you also loved boy bands and Barbie dolls.

Hey, Parker!

We need to conference.

My dad's in trouble, and it's all your fault.

What are you talking about, *Felicity?* I spoke to the *Coach* earlier today, and he seemed fine.

You need to update your info.

Since the girls' basketball team has been on a losing streak, a little birdie told me that *Mr. Slattery* is thinking about replacing my dad.

I...I can't believe it. Your dad's practically an institution here. Slattery can't fire him.

He *can* and he *will*...unless you *step up.*

That isn't possible, Felicity--and I shouldn't have to explain *why!*

You're one of the few people who knows my secret.

Yeah, it wouldn't be fair to the other athletes...and you have other responsibilities... and *blah, blah, blah!*

We're talking about my *dad,* Parker.

You have to help him.

I...can't.

Great! First, Moose's dad gets hurt.

Then Felicity's dad is in trouble.

And just wait until *your* dad learns that Normie Osborn has been secretly sheltering the *Venom Symbiote*--

--and you've been keeping his secret.

You need to focus, girl!

You have to find out who attacked you earlier--

--and you must find *Kaine*.

He disappeared right after he dropped that vision on you.

It's time he opened up and started dishing all the dirt he knows about...

...Scriers!

Someone seems to be shadowing you, girl.

Thanks to this convenient water tower, you can pull the old *switcheroo* and--

I've got you now, you--

Oh, no!

WHOA!

Someone is obviously off her meds.

Yeah...yeah... after almost getting killed a few dozen times... I kind of realized that it was real stupid to play *hero* without any *super-powers* to back me up.

It's just me, Spider-Girl.

Felicity! What are you doing in that ridiculous costume?

I thought you gave up being the *Scarlet Spider.*

Good thought-- why the sudden change of heart?

You seemed a bit stressed.

I figured I might be able to ease your burden.

Then *what?!*

I go back to playing basketball for your dad?

It's not gonna happen!

Go home, Felicity!

I already have enough problems.

I don't want to be responsible for your safety.

ARRRGH!

Felicity might be annoying, but she is *right.*

You are *stressed.*

Between your guilt over Moose's dad and this thing with the Scriers, you're getting a pretty clear message...

Maybe you really can't handle the *responsibility* of being a hotshot super hero.

Maybe the time has finally come for you to admit that you're in way over your head and...

What's *wrong* with Felicity?

Doesn't she realize that it's impossible to sneak up on someone with a *spider-sense?*

Maybe you should just web her up, take her home and--

--oops!

You are far more agile and resourceful than I anticipated.

My orders were only to observe you.

Really? Is that why you tossed a handful of razor-sharp thingies at me earlier today?

I wanted to test your speed and reflexes.

And if they weren't good enough to save me?

It would have been highly regrettable.

Since we're being so chatty, do you mind telling me why you guys are stalking me?

I did not ask.

Now there's an *understatement* if I ever heard one.

Orders are to be *obeyed*, not *questioned*.

A-are you here to *kill* me?

I *wasn't*.

That's comforting.

This confrontation, however, *complicates* matters.

I was afraid you'd say something like that.

Guess it's time for me to go all *webby* on your butt.

What means this *"webby"*?

It's sort of like a battle cry.

Like if I were *Ben Grimm*, the ever-lovin' *Thing*, this is the point where I'd shout--

--IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

Ahhhh, you were holding back.

Excellent.

So was I!

A sword!

Oh, no!

In Kaine's vision, you are stabbed in the heart.

Where is ***Kaine***...or ***Normie***...or ***anyone else*** when you really need them?

At a supposedly abandoned amusement park that serves as the cover for a top secret government installation...

This is *Norman Osborn*--

--and his personal assistant, ***Kristy Watson.***

Normie, please meet ***Special Agent Weadon.*** He runs this place. Of course, you already know ***Kaine.***

What's your *secretary* doing here, Osborn?

Personal Assistant, if you please.

Ms. Watson accompanies me everywhere.

This isn't a country club.

I'm well aware of that, Kaine.

Kristy, this coffee pot and hot plate are strictly government issue. Please order a deluxe cappuccino machine and microwave.

What's the big idea, Raptor? I told you to spy on this clown, not bring him to our ***top secret facility.***

I...I thought you wanted to *recruit* him, sir.

That's a *laugh!*

Mr. Caffeine

We're all former criminals who got shanghaied here to avoid prison.

What did this dandy do--*park his limo in a towing zone?*

While I concede that I am not a convicted felon like you, Quickwire--

--I sincerely believe that I *can* contribute to this team.

Ahem

You mind putting him down?

Of course.

We're all *friends* here, Agent Weadon.

Besides, we need to discuss the terms of my enlistment.

T-terms--?!?

You mustn't *panic!*

This is no time to surrender to *fear!*

You're fighting for your *life*, girl!

So fight!

FIGHT like you've never fought before!

Surprise! Surprise! Here I come to save the day--

--the SCARLET SPIDER is on her way!

TWAKK!

KWOOOM!

Get out of here, Felicity! ***Run!*** This man's a stone killer!

Like we haven't faced ***that*** before!

C'mon, Spider-Girl! We're the team supreme.

Nobody can beat the two of us.

You set 'im up and I'll knock 'im down.

Ahhhh... the arrogance of youth!

Your heart practically leaps out of your throat as the Scrier suddenly springs forward and...

-Akkkk-

It would be a great pity to sacrifice this young flower.

But, *alas,* she is only a pawn.

As are *you,* Spider-Girl...in a far deadlier game than you can imagine.

Will you exchange your life for hers?

Time slows.

Seconds seem like hours.

You have no doubt that he intends to kill you both--

--and an icy calm slowly washes over you.

You concentrate, surrendering fully to your instincts!

Then, without a conscious thought, you explode into motion...

THWIPPPP!

SPLATTT

KWAAADAK!

You BLEW it, mister.

You had me completely intimidated.

I was fearing for my life.

You probably would have *won* if you hadn't threatened Felicity.

I became Spider-Girl to save lives--

--to PROTECT the innocent!

No one DIES on my watch!

Do you *hear* me, you pasty-faced freak?

NO ONE DIES ON MY WATCH!

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP!

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP!

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP!

Not so tough anymore, *are you?*

I hope you enjoy this moment, you young fool--

--but it is only a hollow victory.

Others will follow me.

No one can stop the ***Brotherhood of Scriers.***

Our numbers are *greater* than the stars in the heavens.

We will keep coming and coming until you and everyone you love is DEAD!

You will ***struggle*** against us, but you are doomed to ***fail.***

Just as you failed ***today.***

Someone ***will*** die on your watch.

Whaa-what's happening to you?

What are you ***doing?***

Spider-Girl-- ***get back!***

There is only one ***punishment*** for failure and it is--

FWOOOOOOOOSH!

Oh, no!
Oh, no!
Oh, no!
You comfort Felicity as best you can.
You eventually escort her home, but she is still ***trembling*** nearly an hour later...
...as are *you*.
You barely make it across town--
--where you must confront *another* failure.
MEDICAL CENTER
Hey, Mayday! Thanks for coming.
Say...*you okay?* You look like you've seen a ghost.
I...*uhhhhh*...got some bad news...but I'm more worried about *you*, big guy.
I'm so sorry to hear about your dad.
I...I understand ***Spider-Girl*** is to blame for what happened.
Where'd you hear a crazy thing like that?

My dad's a *fireman*, and they're called *New York's Bravest* for a reason.

It wasn't anyone's fault. He was just doing his job--*the best way he could!*

Same with *Spider-Girl!*

Who knows how many people would have gotten hurt if she *wasn't* there?

Moosie, you're the GREATEST!

I was really touched to see *Brad* earlier because he...

...he...

Is something wrong, Courtney?

Hey, where you going?

C-Courtney--?!

Meanwhile...

I just received word from *New York.*

Kaine is still being a nuisance--

--and the brother we sent to observe *Spider-Girl* has failed to report.

I assume he died with honor.

As do I.

What is your bidding, mighty Raza?

Our code demands a life for a life. Shall I dispatch another brother to attend to the girl?

That won't be necessary.

Rather than squander our own people, I would rather employ an *outside* operative--

--someone who has *extensive experience* with these *Spider-types.*

HOBGOBLIN

KINGSLEY, RODERICK

NEXT ISSUE: By popular demand! **HERE COMES HOBGOBLIN!** 'Nuff said!